Numb. LXVII.

The GUARDIAN.

ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo. Hor.

Thursday, May 28. 1713.

It has been remarked, by curious Observers, that Poets are generally Long-lived, and run beyond the usual Age of Men, if not cut off by some Accident, or Excess, as *Anacreon*, in the 85th or 86th year of a merry old Age, was choaked with a Grape-stone. The same Redundancy of Spirits, that produces the Poetical Flame, keeps up the vital Warmth, and administers uncommon Fewel to life. I question not but several Instances will occur to my Reader's Memory, from *Homer* down to Mr. *Dryden*. I shall only take Notice of two who have excelled in Lyricks, the one an Ancient and the other a Modern. The first gained an immortal Reputation by celebrating several Jockeys in the *Olympick* Games, the last has signalized himself on the same Occasion by the Ode that begins with——*To Horse, brave Boys, to* New-market, *to Horse*. My Reader will, by this time, know that the two Poets I have mentioned, are *Pindar* and Mr. *d'Urfey*. The former of these is long since laid in his Urn; after having, many Years together, endeared himself to all *Greece* by his tuneful Compositions. Our Countryman is still living, and in a blooming old Age, that still promises many Musical Productions; for, if I am not mistaken, our *British* Swan will sing to the last. The best Judges, who have perused his last Song on the *Moderate Man*, do not discover any Decay in his Parts, but think it deserves a Place among the finest of those Works with which he obliged the World in his more early Years.

I am led into this Subject by a Visit which I lately received from my good old Friend and Contemporary. As we both flourished together in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, we diverted our selves with the Remembrance of several Particulars that passed in the World before the greatest Part of my Readers were born, and cou'd not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a Couple of venerable old Gentlemen. *Tom* observed to me, that after having written more Odes than *Horace*, and about four times as many Comedies as *Terence*, he was reduced to great Difficulties by the importunities of a Sett of Men, who, of late Years, had furnished him with the Accommodations of Life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a Song. In order to extricate my old Friend, I immediately sent for the three Directors of the Play-house, and desired them that they would in their Turn do a good Office for a Man, who, in *Shakespear*'s Phrase, had often filled their Mouths, I mean with Pleasantry and Popular Conceits. They very generously listened to my Proposal, and agreed to act the *Plotting Sisters*, (a very taking Play of my old Friend's composing) on the 15th of the next Month, for the Benefit of the Author.

My Kindness to the agreeable Mr. *d'Urfey* will be imperfect, if after having engaged the Players in his Favour, I do not get the Town to come into it. I must therefore heartily recommend to all the young Ladies,

(Price Two Pence.)